

Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

FRONTON, MISSOURI.

THE ARROW-HEAD.

Deep cradled in the forest clay,
Long lost, it snugly slept away
While winter, summer, passed it o'er
Through twice a hundred years, or more;
While saplings into oaks appeared;
While roots by roots the land was cleared;
Till glancing from the palace's plow
It waked to meet the world of Now

And on my sturdy desk it lies,
A dervish, in mute surprise,
Where vanished is the emerald shade?
The aisles of the primeval glade?
The deer's shrill snort, the turkey's call?
The Indians' measured guttural?
The moccasin, the copper face,
The war-whoop, and the striped grime?

Perchance, could but thy tale be told,
Some wrinkled arrow-maker, old,
Another Minnehaha's sire,
Crouching by his wigwam fire,
With patient labor, chip by chip,
Slow wrought thee—barb, and edge, and tip;
And striding over trunk and brook
A Hiawatha came—and took.

The mind may paint, but cannot give
The breath to make its figures live.
Gone are the hands that shaped thee so;
Gone is the warrior and his bow;
Gone is the quarry and the oak;
Gone are the wild, red forest-folk—
Like their own bolts forever sped;
Gone all thy world, O arrow-head.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Youth's Companion.

THE RETURN OF

ALTOONAH.

BY LUCY BAKER JEROME.

A STRETCH of barren sand, cactus-barred, haze-blurred with heat; the faint blue shimmer of foothills on the edge of the horizon, and above them grim, gaunt ridges of the mountain lands, rising in giant chaos, steep on steep.

A solitary figure on the edge of the vast salt basin of the desert dragged itself wearily to where the mule team lay panting in the dust, and drawing his sheath knife, cut the traces cleanly at the ends. The animals stared dully at him with glazed eyes, and the Indian, rising to his superb height, scanned the lava sands from under lowering brows. He had driven fast and far across those burning sands, and the mules had paid the penalty of his escape. Far to the left in a haze of blue steel rays the Indian reservation, but only the white desolation of the salt depression broke the dead level of the plain.

The pack wagon, left to itself, stood motionless, an ominous portent to the eye, and the Indian, with a last sweeping glance about him, plunged doggedly forward through the brilliant glare.

Within the reservation was excitement, all the more felt because it was suppressed. The older troopers were grimly buckling on their saddles in obedience to the curt order to company A, while the less seasoned men and raw recruits were swearing blindly at a government which would send out 60 men for a loose Indian on a day like this.

"He'll stop at Pascas all right," vouchsafed Hinton, a keen trailer and sure shot, whose opinions were generally respected.

"Pascas be blowed," spoke up the opposition man of the troop, Putnam, who opposed on principle every statement that was made, and who spent his time in endeavoring to catch up with quicker minds.

"He will," persisted Hinton. "That girl—what's her name? Altoonah—she's down there, and Eagle Wind knows it. Mighty fine girl she was, too; Eagle Wind's just loco to see her," he added in lower tones.

"Who are you talking about? That girl Altoonah?" gruffly asked a third man, turning in his saddle as he cantered easily by. "She's going to be married—Kirkham down at the post. Know him, any of you fellows?"

The men were in their saddles now, and the mustangs were covering the country with the long, easy lunge of the cavalry mount. It was two in the afternoon, and the hot, white sand was unbearable.

"Jingo!" exclaimed one of the troopers, slackening his rein as he gazed woefully ahead, where for miles and miles lay the interminable glistening sands. "I wouldn't take this chase again for the biggest Indian in the country. Why not let him loose, anyhow? What's the odds?"

"He'd make mischief," responded the other curtly. "We won't find him anyway. He's had two days' start. Neat, wasn't it, the way he maneuvered to get to the salt basin, and then walked off?"

"He was a Number 1 up to the time he left," commented Hinton, riding up alongside, "but when he gets to Guaymas there'll be the devil to pay. Wouldn't care to cross Eagle Wind myself just now," he ended, smiling grimly.

At seven the captain ordered a halt. Shading his eyes with his soft cavalry hat, he looked long and searchingly in every direction. Then he waved a gauntleted hand toward the troop.

"Back to the reservation, boys," he said, gloomily.

The little moon of Pascas lay quiet in the clear moonlight, when a shadow emerged from one of its narrow, ill-paved streets only to lose itself in the deeper shadow of an archway. Feeling its way cautiously along the rough, adobe houses, the shadow reached a point where it wavered, hesitated, stopped. The musical tinkle of a guitar was audible, and close at hand the shadow, suddenly, developed into a muscular, brawny-limbed Indian, heard voices. He melted into the blackness of a projection as Kirkham and the girl, a supple half-breed with haunting eyes of Indian fire passed him.

Kirkham's careless glance swept the shadows on either side, but the girl's eyes sought his and he failed to see the Indian standing like a lone sentinel of fate in the inner circle of the dark, nor did he observe the backward glance of the girl even while her hand trembled in his. Altoonah suddenly paused.

"Seem like some one listen," she said softly, with a straight backward glance into the darkness.

Kirkham laughed easily. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, a favorite with his troop and the admiration and envy of every girl in Guaymas. His unfailing truthfulness and sincerity had won for him the title of "Old Honesty" among his men, and these qualities had found their complement in the grave, simple dignity of the Indian girl, whom his laughing, cordial ways had won.

When Kirkham and the girl had passed out of hearing the hidden shadow drifted noiselessly toward the open spaces of the plain. For a little while the figure was visible crossing the sand dunes that at intervals broke the expanse, but when the moon, emerging from behind a passing cloud, cast her clear light over the treeless solitude, the vast plain lay white and silent for miles.

Three months later two hunters were tracking their way through the desert waste. They had been four days on the trail of a puma, which had fled through canyon and gully and through the tortuous mountain trails, till strength and spirit exhausted, they sought only for food and shelter.

The elder of the two suddenly uttered an exclamation.

"See here, Kirkham," he said, "some one has been here before us, and by the old Harry, some one's got that puma!"

He pointed to where a blood-stained trail led up into the winding fastnesses of the mountain ridge. The earth around was torn and the bushes showed signs of a severe struggle.

"You're right, Havens," he said. "I'm with you," he added, reading the other's intention in his eyes.

Somewhat revived by this unexpected happening, the two men tramped sturdily up the narrow trail. It grew steeper and narrower as they climbed, but as the entire way showed traces of the deadly struggle which had evidently taken place, they felt encouraged at every step, and unheeded fatigue and hunger, gradually approached the mountain's top.

"I'd give a buttin' to know who killed that puma," said Havens suddenly, pausing in his tracks. "Why, Kirkham, there hasn't been big game killed in these mountains for years. You know that as well as I do. It's next to impossible. These mountains were made for hiding places. When old Indian Charley killed that panther three years ago, the whole post was thirsty for more; but did they ever get it? No, though every man spent every day he could get in these mountains, there's never been a kill shot since."

"Well, by Jupiter!"

They had reached the top, and were staring in stupefaction at a little hollow a few paces to the left. On the rocky ground a solitary camp-fire burned, and on poles and the limbs of trees suspended in a large circle around the fire, were the skins of at least a dozen wild beasts in various stages of preservation, and near the burning embers lay the body of the slain puma with its death-wound yet oozing. Not a sound broke the silence. Not a human being was to be seen.

"Well!" said Kirkham, smiling grimly, "you're wrong this time, Havens. Somebody's fired a kill-shot, and pretty lately, too, I should judge." Havens nodded. "What do you say to tracking the hunter instead of the game?" he asked laconically. "We can ambush here, if you're good for a siege."

Kirkham frowned. "I don't know," he said uncertainly. "We've passed the time limit, Altoonah."

"Oh, say, old fellow, you're not afraid of your wife tracking you?" laughed Havens, comfortably. "She is all right. Girls of her blood understand these things."

This time Kirkham scowled. "I'll stay," he said briefly.

They concealed themselves in an undergrowth of scrub, a short distance from a huge boulder raising its precipitous front, boldly repelling, a veritable fortress of strength, and laying their rifles across a projecting rock waited in silence as the sun disappeared behind the highest peak in a red blaze of fire.

The slow hours dragged on. Kirkham, about to yawn, felt his arm abruptly seized in a heavy grip. With his mouth half open he turned quickly to where Havens was pointing to a solitary figure outlined in giant immensity among the shadows.

Kirkham barely suppressed the exclamation which rose to his lips.

"By George!" he whispered excitedly to Havens. "It's Eagle Wind!"

Havens nodded, his eyes glued to the advancing figure, a cautious hand on his rifle.

The Indian advanced into the circle of the camp-fire, and with a satisfied grunt, lay down his burden. The two hunters noted the fine deer, and even his horned excitement. Eagle Wind cast a wary glance about him, and they held their breath. Had he heard some slight sound inaudible to their duller ears? His splendid, muscular figure seemed to crouch cat-like for a spring, and he turned his deep, burning eyes directly upon the bush clump where Kirkham and Havens lay like statues.

In an instant, the two rifles covered him. Havens had sprung to his feet, and Kirkham had jumped simultaneously, and the light of the dying fire full on his dark features, drew himself to his superb height, and slowly folded his arms.

One rifle point wavered. It was that of Kirkham. The splendid indomitableness of that unyielding figure, the undying menace in his eye, the lonely fortress crag, the silence, heavy with threatening issue, caused a tremor of the gleaming barrel, but only for an instant. Kirkham remembered that he was a soldier and that, when his superior officer commanded it, his duty was to kill. He gripped the stock more firmly, and his eye glanced along the rifle barrel in the sight that had never been known to fail.

Havens, about to demand surrender, heard the slight crashing sound in the bushes just behind, but Kirkham, his finger still on the trigger, first saw the slender, moccasin-clad figure glide toward the hollow.

"Altoonah!" The word seemed to die in echoes on the air. Havens saw her face, and wondered. It was gray

marble, hewed into irrevocable design.

She looked from the two men to the Indian standing beneath the towering crag, undaunted, fearless, majestic in his calm, and through the long centuries a fire leaped swiftly to smolder in her eyes.

Kirkham's voice reached her in sharp command.

"Stand back, Altoonah! Can't you see?"

The rifle barrels were level, steady. As if galvanized into understanding by the words, Altoonah turned—but she turned toward the rock.

In another instant she was pressing something into Eagle Wind's hand. The Indian's long sinewy fingers closed upon it, and his eyes narrowed. With a tigerish spring, and carrying Altoonah as easily in front of him as if she had been a child, he covered half the distance to the undergrowth, and dashed behind a scrub-oak that stood midway. The two men broke cover, and made a run for the oak. The Indian, disdaining to fly, waited. As Havens came up, a long arm shot around the oak. There was a flash of steel, and Havens grappled with the quickness of thought.

Kirkham, on the other side of the tree, lay prostrate on the ground. Leaving over the rocks to come to Havens' aid, he had found himself pulled strongly down, and a soft, warm body was holding him with all its strength.

He thrust it fiercely aside, and rose. Havens was engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with Eagle Wind, who cut, thrust and slashed so murderously with the sheath knife he had so unexpectedly obtained that Havens, unable to get a foothold was thrusting him back against the rock by sheer force of determination and muscle combined. Havens was bleeding in a dozen places, and Kirkham, thirsting for vengeance, sprang furiously to his rescue.

Suddenly the Indian, with a last supple twist of his lithe body, glided like a snake from Havens' grasp, to find Kirkham's angry eyes confronting him. With the swiftness of the wind, Eagle Wind braced himself against the great boulder, and Kirkham saw that the knife hung quivering in a helpless hand.

The rifle rose steadily. Kirkham's finger was on the trigger, when the light form of Altoonah sped across the hollow and flung itself across the Indian's heaving breast.

Kirkham's eyes met those of the girl—sombre, inscrutable. Havens, in the background, watched tensely, feeling that matters had gone beyond his grasp. Simultaneously with the report of the rifle, Altoonah's right hand sped to her breast, and when the smoke cleared away, Kirkham saw two forms, silent still, slowly writhing down the rocky face. Altoonah's eyes met his once more, defiant, inscrutable still, and then the sunset gleams shone redly on the lonely, fortified crag, buried deep in the silence of the mountains, and the two forms lying calm at its base.—Overland Monthly.

REMINISCENCE OF WAR.

Lasting Impression Made Upon a Soldier's Memory by a Poor Child's Cheap Toy.

A German officer is quoted in the London Outlook as telling this story of a reminiscence connected with the triumphal entry of the German army into Paris. It was a magnificent spectacle. Four uhlan were riding ahead and the band was playing Schubert's wonderful march. Yet in memory the German officer confessed that through the blare of trumpets and beating of drums he heard one lesser sound which made his heart sicken over the dreary pathos of war.

He recalled to him one night after a German victory, when four French prisoners, all noblemen, were on their way to Paris under escort. They stopped at a deserted wine-shop near a deserted hamlet, and grew quite cheerful over the prospect of supper. A prince was greasing the pan, and the uhlan were standing by, laughing, although they would have brained him had he made three steps toward the door.

Suddenly there was a sound from without, as if some one, walking leisurely, was kicking a tin can along before him.

The officer picked up a torch and took it to the door. It showed a broad strip of road strewn with puddles and lashed by rain. Outside that circle was the darkness of the pit filled with the hissing of the storm. The sound of the can drew nearer. Then out of the dark and across the torchlight strip of road passed a group of specters, as a company passes in review.

First came two women, one young the other very old. Each carried a bundle on her back. They were of the poorest order of tenantry, and their faces were blank with deep despair. After them came a man in wooden shoes leading a goat. Behind him was a very old man, leading a child. The child was crying and dragging along a tin can tied to a string.

And so ever after, when the onlooker thought of war's magnificent parades, he heard the sound of the wretched child's pathetic toy.

Witchcraft in Italy.

A shocking case of superstition at Verona is reported. A girl in the service of Prof. Negri attracted the affections of a peasant in the neighborhood, and encouraged him a while, but afterwards declined his attentions. The youth exhibited symptoms of madness, and was transferred to a lunatic asylum. His family, convinced that the maiden had bewitched their boy, held a solemn convocation. They then requested the girl to call at the family dwelling on an affair of urgency. The girl complied, taking the precaution of asking a female friend to accompany her. After a most amiable reception the aged mother of the bad boy got the girl's companion away on a clever pretext, and invited the supposed witch to the upper floor, where the family gathering awaited her arrival, and with the object of inducing the unhappy girl to break the spell over her former lover, tortured her in ways too barbarous and revolting to be described. When rescued the girl was a mass of wounds from head to foot, and mad through fear.

THE COAST PATROL.

Young Women Who Keep Maids and Waiters at Summer Hotels Watchful and Attentive.

The two friends met accidentally in the studio of a girl who draws, relates the New York Sun.

"Why, how do you do, Helen?" exclaimed the one who sings sweetly in light opera to the one who is blessed with versatility. "Where have you been all summer? I heard you'd come into money and were doing all the swell resorts. Tell me about it."

"I only wish I had come into money," responded Helen. "But as a matter of fact I have been doing the resorts, and living in a way I'd like always to live. But I'm being paid for it. Can you keep a secret? Will you promise not to breathe one word of it? Well, then, I'm a member of the coast patrol."

The light opera girl looked bewildered.

"Yes, that's what they call us," said Helen. "We're not life savers, or anything of that kind, but just a number of comparatively plain and unassuming young women who go from one big hotel to another, usually spending a week in each, apparently as guests, but in reality as spies."

"Now, don't look at me like that! I know it sounds horrid, but it's all right. We don't send anybody to prison, or report flirtations. Our business is merely to see that the dining-room and upstairs service is satisfactory to the average guest."

"It may seem strange to you, but it is not easy for the manager to get trustworthy information about various little matters that will commend or condemn a hotel to fastidious people. Where he is everything is as perfect as the staff and help can make it, and the star boarders, who are generous with their tips, have things done for them in the proper way."

"It is the timid little souls like me who look as if they had come from the interior and didn't care to complain at the desk that are apt to be neglected. The waiters and maids know that there is a procession of us of the coast patrol going through the hotel all season, and they don't dare to take chances with any lone woman, which, of course, redounds to the good of the whole service."

"We look to little matters that nobody would think sufficiently important to justify a complaint, but which, in the aggregate, mean a good deal to the reputation of a hotel where the rates are high. For instance, there are the comparatively minor points of drawing back the chair promptly when one is about to sit down in the dining-room, of keeping the glass filled with water, of the immaculate freshness of the linen, of the turning down of the bedclothing by the chambermaid before you enter your room to retire for the night, of the general tone and manner of the servants. I could mention a hundred little things that a woman will notice if she knows what is proper in these matters and has her eyes open."

"We are all engaged in New York city by the same man, but we make frequent and detailed reports to the manager of the hotel we happen to be in. After a week or so at one house each of us goes on to another, acting under directions from New York. We're under no expense except for clothes, and the pay is pretty good. It's a life of ease and luxury. I'm afraid it's spoiling me for real work."

TOO MANY PICKEREL.

There Are More of the Fish in Northern Minnesota Than the Fishers Want.

In many parts of the country the pickerel is regarded as a valuable fish. In the neighborhood of the Woman's Lake chain in northern Minnesota, however, it is disliked by residents and visitors alike, says a report from that section.

The trouble with it is that the visitors are all fishing for muskallunge and the pickerel is too plentiful. It bothers them by getting on their hooks and fighting hard only to show up as a pickerel at the end of the fray.

There is no known reason for the enormous numbers of pickerel in the Woman's Lake chain. It would seem that the lakes got a stock of them from the Mississippi many years ago and they found the conditions favorable and have multiplied tremendously.

Sometimes an angler who would as soon catch a pickerel as a muskallunge, if it fights as hard, keeps a score of his take in a day, and some of these scores seem incredible. A man may catch five pickerel in a day without exciting astonishment, he may even take ten. If he should take 15 he would be regarded as a remarkable angler. When it comes to taking from 20 to 30 pickerel, big and little, in a day while fishing hard for something else, all preconceived notions of pickerel angling go by the board, yet that score has been equaled and beaten more times than once in the Woman's Lake waters.

Indeed, those waters are not exceptional. Pickerel are wonderfully plentiful in all of the chains of northern Minnesota. Just what a scientific pickerel bait could do with approved pickerel bait, skittering in the weeds morning and evening, and fishing deep during the heat of an August day, remains to be seen. It has never been tried, but probably he would be getting on and taking off pickerel most of the time.

High in the Air.

The Jungfrau railway in Switzerland has now reached the Eigergard, at an altitude of about 12,000 feet above sea level.

Cleaning Copper Ornaments. To clean copper ornaments, wash in very hot soapy water and dry in hot cloths. Then rub with a piece of fresh cut lemon and polish with clean cloths.

Cool Pastry Slowly. To remove pastry suddenly from a hot oven to a cold pantry will inevitably make it heavy. It should be cooled off gradually in a warm room.

Perversity. So remarkably perverse is the nature of man, that he despises those that count him, and admires whoever will not bend before him.—Thucydides.

WOMEN HAVE BETTER CHANCE.

Their Physical Characteristics Are Indicative of Greater Longevity Than Men's.

Every woman, so the story goes, carries with her signs which to the experienced tell whether she will live long. Here are some of the supposed signs of longevity:

The eyes must be round and wide rather than long and narrow, and if they are brown or hazel life will be longer than if they were black or violet. The neck must be full and pillar like, rather than slender.

The brow must be ample and slope back slightly from an absolute perpendicular. The head must be wide behind and over the ears.

The mouth must be full and well set, and the chin square and firm.

The nose must be wide and full through its whole length, and have open, easily dilating nostrils. This indicates a good heart and good lungs.

If the orifice of the ear is low, denoting a deeply seated brain, there is a better chance of long life.

The woman who appears taller in proportion when sitting down than when standing has a good chance to live long. If the body is long in proportion to the limbs, the heart, lungs and digestive organs are large.

The pulse should beat with full and normal stroke. Limbs and joints should be large and well formed, the flesh neither too hard nor too soft.

Those who resemble their mothers may expect to live longest, and the first born is longer lived than other children. For example, a sister born ten years before another sister is supposed to have six years' greater duration of life.

It is well known that women live longer than men, but so far there is no satisfactory explanation of why this is so. Out of a million people, 225 women and only 82 men reach the age of 100 years. Maybe it is because a woman gets more sleep than a man, for the longer a person sleeps the longer will life last. Nearly all long-lived people have been great sleepers. When M. de Lesseps was on the ocean he would sleep 20 hours at a stretch. Gladstone averaged 12 hours' sleep a day. A man or woman who would learn to sleep 18 hours a day might live 200 years.

One of the secrets of longevity, therefore, is to take plenty of sleep. Other rules which the seeker after length of days should observe are these:

Sleep on the right side.

Keep the bedroom window open all night.

Don't take a cold tub in the morning, but a bath the temperature of the body.

Don't allow any pots in the living room. They may carry disease germs.

Take daily exercise in the open air and live in the country; if not all the year, at least five or six months.

Occasionally change your occupation. Take frequent and short holidays.

Watch the three D's—drinking water dampness and drains.

Limit your ambitions.

Keep your temper.

Worry less, work more; ride less, walk more; drink less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; preach less, practice more.—N. Y. Sun.

RELIEF FOR STORE WORKERS.

Large Department Concern in Chicago Gives Them Respite Every Two Hours.

"Do you know that in every well-managed department store there are dozens of employees who have to be relieved about once in two hours? That brief respite of 20 minutes, or even less is all that stands between them and nervous prostration—or something worse. There is nothing that will affect the mind as soon as deadly monotony. There is such an employee now."

The superintendent of the store pointed to a colored man who was stationed at the head of the escalator, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Do you see how nervously he paces the little strip between the moving stairway and the next counter? Those are his boundary lines, and he has absolutely nothing to do but watch that shoppers coming up those stairs do not trip, turn dizzy and meet with some accident which would reflect on the store's management. The stairs are perfectly safe, but they affect some people unaccountably with them badly."

"Now, if the man were selling goods, or taking care of stock, or cleaning and dusting, the limit placed on his movements would not get on his nerves. You probably think that the ever-changing tide of shoppers would afford him some entertainment, but in time all shoppers look alike to him. When he is relieved, the employee who comes to his rescue will stand quietly enough, because he has been on duty at another post for the past 20 minutes, and does not have time at any one place to become nervous from the monotony. But almost invariably the employee who has been on duty for two hours or more begins to pace the floor just before the relief arrives, for all the world like a lion or tiger at the zoo, knowing that the feeding time is at hand."

"Among the employees thus relieved are the elevator men and telephone girls. I do not know that every store has the same relief system, as we pride ourselves on an organization that is almost military, but some attempt at relief is made by every management making a pretense to modern methods of organization."

Honored at Heidelberg.

Two Englishwomen have received from Heidelberg the first honorary degree of doctor of theology granted by a German university to a woman. They are twin sisters, Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis and Mrs. Margaret Dunlop Gilson, who discovered the Sinaitic palimpsest and have done important work in Bible research.

Russia's Forests. The Russians are awaking to the fact that a less reckless deforesting has become absolutely imperative. Their forest resources are not only less than those of Sweden, but even less than those of Austria-Hungary and of the United States.

Cleaning the Fish Knives.

If a fishy smell clings to knives and forks after mackerel, bluefish or some other oily fish, try rubbing the silver with a cut lemon. Wash off in hot suds before the lemon juice has a chance to stain it.

Books and the Home

By CARMEN SYLVA,
Queen of Romances.



WHAT use is a parlor without books or music? It is the most mournful, coldest room in the house, the quintessence of the "good room" in which one does nothing but prattle.

Every room in the house can be made charming, even the most unpromising, by the use of pictures and books. They must only be the right ones and in the right places. I am against luxury in homes, against too many hangings, too thick carpets. We turn gratefully to the greatest simplicity, which always has the advantage that enough money is left for a good piano and books.

With smooth walls hung in oils or water colors or engravings or drawings, a chair, a desk, books where you can reach them, and above them pretty pictures, be they only photographs of good pictures, and light enough from a large, high window—what more can one desire?

Always I must return to this, that books are the main thing in a room and in a house.

If one surrounds himself with the thoughts of all other men he will be exceptionally rich. Women would increase their joys if they would read more and think less of their cakes and bed linen.

I would prefer to live much simpler, eat less and drink not at all if I could only have books. When in the evening the mother sits at the table with her work and the children gather about her with their books, what priceless delight for all!

Children who read much learn much, and are far more educated than those who do not. I would not have brought to the table food which the children cannot eat, nor books in the library which must be denied the young. There is not time to read all the good ones!

ONE DRINK THAT FAILS HERE.

Arrack, the Favorite Liquor of the East Indians, Finds Little Demand in United States.

If arrack, the favorite drink of East Indians, justified one-half of the praise of poets and travelers it would not be selling in the New York market, as it is, for one dollar a quart, and the demand for it would long ago have been sufficient to make arrack drinking a fashionable sin. Few wines or liquors have been so often, so long or so generously extolled as arrack, but though described as the drink of kings and princes, of fairies and magicians, of warriors and wanderers, it somehow does not seem to "take hold" in this country, and practically the only use found for it is as a foundation for punch.

The belief is general, but, though general, erroneous, that arrack is formed from the fermentation of coconuts, and it has gained, therefore, the name of cocoanut wine. As a matter of fact, arrack is produced from the area nut, or the arrack tree. The word is of Indian origin, and the term is applied in most parts of India and the East Indies to designate any sort of spirituous liquor. Arrack is distinguished from other ardent spirits by its stimulating and narcotic properties; its flavor is peculiar, and it differs considerably in consequence of the various articles of which it is prepared, and the unequal care taken in its manufacture.

Batavia or Java arrack is considered the best; it is obtained by distillation from rice and molasses, with only a small mixture of cocoanut today. Ceylon arrack is invariably made from the vegetable juice today, which flows by incision from the coconut tree; after the juice is fermented it is rectified; some are of the opinion that it is equal to Batavia.

Arrack is white and transparent. Flapjacks steeped in it impart an exquisite flavor to the spirit, and by age it becomes unrivaled for making punch. Several thousand gallons are sold in this country for that purpose each year, but as a steady drink it has attained no success. The number of East Indians in the United States is insignificant, and when they drink, they drink rum.

PARROT TAUGHT TO THINK.

How Reasoning Power Was Developed in a Highly Intelligent Bird in Paris.

M. Pierre Hachet Souplet, writing in the Paris Press on the intelligence of birds and animals, relates a remarkable accomplishment on the part of a parrot. He admits that the bird was an exceptionally clever specimen, and he considers its achievement indicates the high water mark of psychical possibilities as far as parrots are concerned.

He had taught Polly to use the words "cupboard" and "ladder," and as he climbed the ladder he had succeeded in inducing the bird to articulate the word "climb." Every day when the bird was brought into the laboratory a small cupboard was opened and Polly helped herself to hempsed. One day, however, instead of the cupboard being placed where she could reach it, it was hoisted up near the ceiling, and the ladder was placed among several other articles in the corner of the room.

The question to be decided was whether the